MADRAS

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HEROISM.

THE subject of heroism, as a theme worthy of our attention, has been suggested to us by certain incidents which have happened during the awful catastrophe in the mines at Courrieres in France, and secondly by a delightful article in an English Magazine written for English School-boys. A huge wave of education is beating against India, threatening almost to overwhelm it with its Degrees, Examinations, Codes, Standards and all the appliances whereby boys and girls are to be trained and taught. The same thing has been going on in England, and a desperate struggle is being fought there, though of course on different grounds from anything in India. For whereas education on modern lines is comparatively new in India, in England it has long been compulsory. We have had a long argument to day with people who are inclined to think that "over education" is doing a great deal of harm in India. It is not education, it seems

to us, but the use made of our education which may do harm. Boys and girls must be trained, morally, mentally and physically, and probably there is a great tendency in these times of competitive examinations, to pay too much attention to mental training only. If boys would read and study "Tom Brown's School Days" and "Eric, or Little by Little" and many books of the same class, they would understand better the use of moral training while in school, and see why we have headed this article 'Heroism.' Few who were at the meeting of Convocation and giving of Degrees in Madras on March 30th, could help a certain thrill of excitement, when they saw the rows and rows of graduates passing before the Chancellor of the University, the new Governor of Madras. Knowing so many of them personally, we could not but admire the steady work of years, which had led to this result, for I know that in many cases the work had been done under great difficulties and with a real determination to achieve success. India's struggle for education is grand, and as we are writing this for boys (and girls we hope) who are in the midst of the struggle, we should like to put before them a few of the ideas which have occurred to us on the subject. First of all why are you seeking an English education? Let us hope it is in order that you may mingle Western civilization with the old civilization of the East and that it will increase your loyalty to your King by making you the better able to understand the Government and Policy of that country, the seat of which is in the tiny island so very far away. Then education is not only learning and getting passes in so many subjects, it must have a direct bearing on our tone of mind, our manners, and our intercourse with States. We, who are educated enough to read, and to appreciate the characters of those whose lives have been spent in their endeavours to spread knowledge, should try and copy them in their school and college life. The whole of this life is a training, a perpetual education, and on our moral training when young, depends the fruit we gather in riper years. It is of little use to be able to get to the top of your class, and to win many prizes for mere book learning, if your whole life does not improve from the knowledge acquired. Education

makes us (or should do so) more tolerant of others, more enthusiastic in emulating those who have done well in life's battle; it should raise the standard of morality so that a boy would find it impossible to cheat or do a mean action. Do you imagine this is easy. Oh, No! quite as difficult as passing any examination, for you would frequently find yourself standing alone in your battle for the right, but therein would lie the heroism of your act, and the example could not be wasted. Train yourselves, boys and girls, for doing unselfish, noble deeds, while you are young, and acts of heroism such as we read of in the battlefield of life will become possible to you. Think of those comrades of the poor miners at Courrieres; they knew that death was almost certain, and yet how many offered to go down into the pit, to try to rescue their buried mates. Read your histories, and remember those men who have rushed into the thick of a fight to save a fallen friend. Be enthusiastic about great and noble deeds and let your school life be a training not only for a B. A. degree, but for the heroic life, of using your knowledge for the good of others, and for raising the profession you may choose in the eyes of your fellow creatures:—Do not forget that in order to help others, and to perform heroic deeds, you must first of all, train yourself: do not be afraid of having high ideals. Aim at the very highest, and you will not be far short of the mark Battle for the right wherever you are, and by winning these battles you will find yourself, in after life, strong to perform heroic deeds, with which the whole world may ring.

These few remarks of ours apply equally to girls and boys. Education is making rapid strides among Indian girls, and we can only hope that the day may not be far distant when the wives of Indian men will be their companions, and help-meets, as well as the mothers of their sons. Who is it has the training of the little children? and who is there as he grows older does not remember vividly the impressions of early childhood? Girls are married when very young in India, but not so young that they could have some education, which would make them able

to train and teach their little ones. Many an English boy owes all the success of his life to his mother, not only to her moral training but to the teaching imparted by her when he was young; surely this is a plea for Indian girls: that they may be so trained and taught, that they can instil into the minds of their children those sentiments and practices which will make heroes and heroines of them in the future and help them to fight life's battles.

All India must have thrilled at the thought of the two Brahmin ladies, who fought through so many difficulties that they might be the means through their own education of doing good to their country-women. It would be unnecessary, and we think unwise, for many Indian ladies to take such a step as they have done: one shrinks from a public life for women and more especially we think for women of this country. Tradition, custom, caste, all are against it. The two Brahmin ladies of Mysore have done a brave thing: but remember a woman can be well educated without going in for "Higher Education". Until the re-marriage of widows is a practice and custom in India, there are great openings for women, who being educated will be able to turn their thoughts and talents to helping others, instead of living on relations to whom they are, more often than not, a nuisance, and a burden. These women, who have no ties whatever, would be free to go amongst their fellow creatures, as teachers, doctors and sick nurses, doing inestimable good. They would have for their examples many a widowed, childless Englishwoman, who has found comfort and solace in thus ministering to others.--M. K. B.

HANDWRITING.

THERE are some who think that handwriting is a very minor subject and but little attention need be paid to it in a system of education. It is our lot to examine annually thousands of written answer papers, and if candidates only knew the difference it

makes in the marking whether their papers are neat and well-written or nearly illegible and very untidy, their eyes would be opened wide to the value of learning to write well. A well written and neatly arranged paper, that is, a paper showing a good style of answer, is the very best means for an examinee to introduce himself to his examiner. As a rule, the candidates who score the highest marks at the examinations in English are females—the reason being that their handwriting and style of answering is so superior to that of the male candidates. About a hundred years ago it used to be considered a mark of high rank to write badly and sign one's name illegibly. An illegible signature is now regarded as a sign of a bad education. Most examiners consider an answer paper rapidly scrawled, (looking as if a spider had dipped itself in the ink bottle and walked over the paper), as a mere piece of impertinence, and with an impatient pencil give a mark much lower perhaps than the examinee really deserves, as far as his knowledge goes. There are examiners, again, who simply decline to strain their eyes and brains in trying to decipher the hieroglyphics of such a candidate.

It is not after all a very difficult thing to learn to write legibly, even if we cannot learn to write beautifully. Half an hour a day given to the subject for six months would more than suffice to secure for any one a good and even graceful style of handwriting. There are literally dozens of excellent and very cheap copy-book models in the market.

A man may be exceedingly clever and yet write a very bad and almost illegible hand, but that is not a reason for imitating him. Unfortunately Hindu students have a habit of imitating their Principals and Headmasters. Many years ago, when Mr. Porter was Principal of Kumbakonam College, we could always tell papers written by his pupils at a glance. Happily he was not only a great scholar and, perhaps, the ablest teacher that India has yet seen, but he wrote a very legible hand. This his boys very successfully imitated and the examiners blessed Mr. Porter.

We have known men and boys write so badly that no one could read what they had written—not even the writers themselves. Some amusing stories are told of such writers. One of the greatest offenders that ever lived was the celebrated Dean Stanley. He was a great author, and on one occasion his manuscript was so horribly illegible that no compositors in London were able to set it up, so the Publishers asked the Dean if he would be good enough to read it out to a copyist who would make a fair and legible copy for the printers. This the Dean declined to do, on the ground that he himself could not read it! The manuscript was then sent to America to be printed, but came back promptly from a great firm of Printers in New York, endorsed, "None of our compositors understand Chinese." Eventually, and with great delay, the book was printed and the Dean allowed to deal with the proofs, mostly guesswork, as he liked.

We cannot all afford to be Dean Stanleys, and if we want to make the wheels of life run smoothly we should do our utmost to acquire a habit of writing in a perfectly legible manner.

No. VII.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time.

THE early life of Livingstone, as is the case with so many of the great men that the world has produced, was one of struggle. Like all Scotchmen he had a pedigree, and one of which, if we believe his grandfather, he might with justice be very proud. He himself was born in 1813 at Blantyre, a place on the river Clyde, not far from Glasgow. But his forefathers came from Ulva, an island in Argyllshire, and David's grandfather migrated to Blantyre, solely on account of work, and to find the means of supporting his large family, when his farm in Ulva did not yield the necessary income. His great grand-

father died on the battlefield of Culloden, fighting for the Stuarts, and tradition tells the story of another ancestor, who when dying said, "no one in our family has ever been charged with dishonesty," and to his descendants, he left this legacy and the motto "Be honest." David Livingstone inherited this virtue of his ancestors, for throughout untold difficulties we see the bright light of his integrity of purpose.

When only ten years of age, David was forced to work in the cotton mills as a "piecer." Even the small wages which he earned were necessary to enable his parents to pay their way, for his father was a only clerk in the same cotton mills. The boy was studious, and determined to learn, so that we find him devoting his spare hours to books, and working hard at an evening school, after the work at the cotton mills was over. At this time he made a special study of Latin, but he was a voracious reader, and delighted in books of travel and scientific works. Probably these books laid the foundation of the intense longing for travel and exploration, which grew as years went on, and encouraged him in the efforts he made to break away from his native land. Africa, which was eventually the scene of Livingstone's great life work, was not the place he would have chosen. For some reason China attracted him, and he qualified as a doctor in order to go out there as a medical missionary. However, the opium war put an end to this project, and he was then induced to think of Africa. Livingstone left Scotland in 1840, going first to Cape Town; but he very soon started inland and worked there for sixteen years. By work, I do not mean only his missionary labours. He taught by the example of his life, he had educational work to do, he was doctor where-ever he went, builder, labourer, and in fact he had, in those pioneer days, to turn his hand to anything and everything. "Labor-are est orare," 'to labour is to pray' and as he worked with all his might, putting his best powers into anything he undertook, even the building of a fence, so those poor ignorant creatures among whom he laboured began to have glimpses of a better life than their savagery, and to recognise the honesty and longing to do good in their teacher.

Soon after Livingstone went into the interior of Africa, he met with that adventure with the lion, the account of which is so thrilling. It was in 1843 at Mabotsa. The place was infested with lions, and the poor villagers were terrified, for they even attacked and carried off their cattle in the daytime, a most unusual thing with lions. Livingstone persuaded the people to hunt the animals, for it is a well known thing. if one lion of a troop is killed the others will immediately leave that part of the country. The animals were discovered, all herded together, on a hill, and the villagers formed a ring, enclosing them. They were gradually working up nearer to them when a

native schoolmaster, named Mabalwe, fired at one of the lions, which was a little apart on a rock. Unfortunately the bullet only hit the rock and the beast frightened, but unhurt, escaped by leaping over the ring of men. The villagers were scattered in all directions and when the circle round the hill was again formed only two lions were there, and the hunt for that day was given up. On the way home Livingstone fired at a lion which was on a rock, and hit him, the animal growing furiously, enraged by the pain. He was preparing to fire again, when hearing a shout, he looked round, and at that instant the lion sprang on him. Livingstone's own description of this is wonderful, as he seems to have retained full consciousness. He says, that the beast shook him as a dog does a rat, and his growls were horrible, then a kind of stupor or dreaminess, came over him not pain or fright. The lion had crunched the arm bone into splinters, and there were the marks of eleven of the lion's teeth found in the arm. Mabalwe, the native teacher, fired at the animal, but both barrels missed, and the lion then left Livingstone, flew at him, and bit him in the thigh. Finally, however, the beast was killed, and long as it takes to describe, the whole thing had happened in only a few moments. Livingstone suffered greatly all his life from this adventure with the lion. His arm was so terribly injured that he had to use a false joint, and years after when he was lost in Africa, he was identified by means of his maimed limb.

Livingstone married in 1844, Mary, the daughter of his great friend, Mr. Moffatt, but he did not give up his work. She went everywhere with him, teaching, as he did, and ministering in the different villages. They suffered great hardships, and it seems almost incredible to think that they and their children could have survived so many dangers.

During 1853, and 54, Livingstone crossed the continent of Africa, and what he endured can never be fully described. But the land was opened up for other travellers, and he was ever ready to suffer for the good of others. After this journey to S. Paul on the W. Coast, he set off towards the south. and passed through a large and very beautiful country, quite unknown to Europeans before this. He here discovered the Victoria Falls.

He went to England after this expedition, but on his return to Africa in 1858, he continued his exploration of the Zambesi, and dis-

covered the two Lakes, Shirwa and Nyassa. His great expedition started in 1866, and he passed over land which had been visited by other great explorers, among them such men as Speke and Baker. Though his aim was to trace the source of the Nile, he met with so many difficulties, that the expedition took longer than was expected, and a search party was sent out to look for him. He was found, and fresh supplies were sent to him, as he refused to go home, until he had made at least one more attempt. This was in 1867, and as no news was received from him after 1869 another search party, headed by Stanley, was organized, Livingstone was again discovered and in great destitution and very ill; but still determined, now that he had done so much, to finish his work if possible. He pushed on after four months rest, but the active body had done its work, and he died at Ulala in 1873. His heart was buried at Ulala, and the body was embalmed, and taken to England in the following year, when it was buried in Westminster Abbey. We can never fully estimate the work done by Livingstone. Countries were passed through by him, and openings given for the founding of colonies in places which had never before known anything of civilization. One of the greatest works of Livingstone was his exposure of the horrors of the East African Slave Trade. It was entirely owing to him that Sir Bartle Frere was sent out to Zanzibar, to get the treaty signed for the suppression of the trade.

Livingstone, it is computed, travelled twenty nine thousand miles in Africa and added by his explorations a million square miles to the then known world. He discovered many rivers, lakes and places, which have greatly added to the knowledge of the geography of Africa, and it must be remembered, that he was "honest" in his discoveries *i.e*,, he knew each place, and could even describe the geology, botany, etc, of each new spot. He must have possessed a keen love of adventure but above all he was a careful, honest worker, and this has made his name respected, not only among scientific men, but by all the world. The footprints of Livingstone are all over Africa, the land of his adoption and work, and he will ever live there in the minds of the people, as the good Doctor who brought healing, light and knowledge, to those who were sunk in darkness.

M. K. B.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

(*Concluded from page* 63).

IN this company which rides behind Harry Baily on the Canterbury Road, we see neither Saxon nor Norman. They are all English folk, all children of the fatherland. It is a company which shows us the life of the people. All classes are represented there except the highest and the lowest.

Even the *Ploughman*, dressed as he is in the garments of a labourer and riding humbly on a mare, does not belong to the lowest ranks of society. He works for his own hand and not for a master. He is a good type of the English countryman. He works hard and faithfully, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Loving God, he lives in peace with his fellow men. The *Village Parson* there is the ploughman's brother. He too is a virtuous man. Humility and kindness shine forth from his face; goodness and mercy follow him. The people of the parish love him, because he loves them and lives for goodness only. He has comforted them in times of trouble and sickness, and taught them to live well by living well himself.

There are in this company other servants of the Church for whom we do not feel the same affection as we do for the Poor Parson. The *Monk* there is one—that stout and rubicund man, dressed in costly garments, who rides so boldly. His horse is richly caparisoned; bells hang from the bridle and shake out their gay sound as he rides along. Much we fear that the sound of these bridle bells is dearer to his heart than the deeper sound of the chapel bell that calls the worshipper to prayer. Much we fear he would rather follow his greyhounds after the hare, or sit with joy in his heart and a fat swan before him on the trencher, than comfort the forlorn and the persecuted or feed the poor. And Hubert, the *Friar*, too, with his shaven crown, is no better than he should be. He lives too well on the money which he gathers from the people of his district, and, rich and prosperous as he is, does not scruple to take toll from the widow who lives

in poverty. You are too gay, Brother Hubert, you are too gay; we do not like your selfishness, and we doubt your virtue; but we love you for those eyes which twinkle in your head like stars in the frosty night.

The Poor Parson is worth more than a whole regiment of monks and friars such as these. And you, Master *Pardoner*, we fear, are a rascal; and you, Master *Summoner*, are another. Let us not stay to look at you. You are the scum of the Church. It has fallen on evil days indeed, when it has need of such as you to serve it. It is your ease, Monk and Friar, and your villainy, Summoner and Pardoner, which make Churchmen despised, and help to bring about the day when England shall rise against the Church whose ministers you are and cast it out of the land. Take a lesson from the Poor Parson before it is too late.

Madame Eglentyne, we give you greeting; you are a fairer and a fresher sight, as delicate as is the flower whose name you bear. We hope you left all well in that nunnery which you control. We feel sure that your discipline is not too severe. Your face tells us that you have a tender heart. Did not the *Miller* distress your daintiness last night at supper? How coarsely he took his food! You bear yourself with dignity. You are precise and sober in your dress as becomes a Churchwoman. But let us see the motto on that brooch of gold. "Love conquers all." Pray, what has a *Prioress* to do with love? Ah, Madame Eglentyne!

That lean youth on the lean horse is a *Student of Oxford*. He is studying for the church and will do it credit. He is no worldly man, but a true student. We are told that he finds more pleasure in the twenty books full of crabbed writing which stand at the head of his bed, than in fine clothing or the gay music of psaltery or violin. And, in truth, his clothes are worn and threadbare. But we cannot help respecting him; for he is modest in his manners, and, though he speaks seldom, there is thought and good sense in everything he says.

That other learned man is a *Sergeant of the Law*. He is well and plainly dressed. Life has been good to him, and, as he is clever and cautious, he may attain still higher honours and sit upon the Bench. No lawyer is better known:—

> None hath a better business than his,
> And yet he seemeth busier than he is.

Are you not after all just a little bit of a humbug, master Lawyer?

There is the *Doctor of Physic*, clad in the finest silk of red and blue, for medicine is a profitable business in these days. He is deeply read and fond of his profession. Though gold mixed in physic is a cordial, he would rather have it mixed with more gold and chinking in his purse. But we must not quarrel with the Doctor. He knows all the learning of the stars and all the wisdom of the ancients. There is no illness for which this very perfect practitioner has not a remedy. Let us not grudge him then his fees and his prosperity But we hope, master Doctor, that none of our pilgrims will need your help on the way to Canterbury. May illness and accident be far from you all, good people! For all your faults, we are growing to love you, as you ride together upon the road. There is an openness and freshness about you that is as pleasant as a May morning.

This jovial old man, whose beard hangs white from his ruddy countenance, is a man of importance in his county. He sits in the chair when causes are tried in the County Court. Nay more, he has heard tongues wag in Parliament; and he may even have spoken there himself, for he is a hasty and hot-headed man. Who in all the Country side is more respected than the *Franklyn*? The doors of his house are open to all; and it snows meat and drink inside. It is the home of jollity and hospitality. His wealth gives good cheer to all the country round.

This *Cook* here looks a scurvy fellow. He does not belong to the Franklyn's establishment, but follows these five worthy burgesses, the *Haberdasher*, the *Carpenter*, the *Weaver*, the *Dyer*,

and the *Upholsterer*. We see by the bravery of their dress that the trade of England thrives. The *Merchant* and the *Good Wife of Bath* tell us that story too. Everything about them seems to speak of prosperity. How buxom and how jolly she looks as she sits astride that ambling horse. Thoughts of all those husbands she has buried do not trouble her peace of mind. She married one, and when he died she got his estate, and then she married again. So, as she has been married to five husbands in turn, she has grown wealthy. May be one of these pilgrims will make the sixth. She is still a comely woman and she is rich. But would she make a good wife? Well, she is kindly and hearty, and just think, my friends, of the experience she has had!

Come, come, master *Reeve*, spur your horse forward a little. You are always at the rear of the procession. Would the Good Wife not cure you of your want of jollity? You think too much of business. Marry the Good Wife and take her home with you to Baldeswell in Norfolk. So you may grow a little happier. But there must be two parties to that bargain. Are you not too lean, and dry in spirit, to take the Good Wife's heart? And perchance you have a wife, a nagging wife, at home. Is that the secret of your sadness? If this be so, blow your pipes again *Miller*, and drown the memory of her scolding voice.

How awkwardly the *Shipman* rides. But when could a sailor manage a horse? He is less at home on this steadypacing nag than when he stands on the deck of his ship, amid the winds and waves, as it rocks and tosses in the angry Channel or the Bay of Biscay. Are you, we pray you, on your way to Canterbury to thank the Holy Saint for his protection in that Bordeaux enterprise from which you have just returned? Was it by the grace of Saint Thomas that you were preserved and enable to bring your ship and crew in the teeth of the storm back again in safety to Dartmouth? That cargo of wine which you carried was well worth saving from the sea.

The *Knight* has just returned from abroad. Before he does any other thing, before he doffs his mail or sees his home again, he proceeds to Canterbury to render thanks to God and Saint Thomas, through whose aid he has come through the wars unharmed. He is attended by his son *the Squire* and by the *Yeoman*. The Squire rides along rejoicing, singing, and playing on the flute. Young as he is, he has seen service abroad. He has followed his father in the campaign and borne himself worthily, hoping to win by brave deeds the favour of his lady. How gallantly he rides! Brave, strong, ardent, gay, courteous, and eager in service, could any fair lady refuse the homage of this young and handsome cavalier?

At Crecy and at Poietiers our bowmen won the day for England. The French men-at-arms had no weapon so formidable as "the crooked stick and the grey goosewing." This Yeoman here has been brought up to use the weapon of his fathers. See, he bears in his hand a mighty bow which could be bent by none but an English bowman. A sheaf of well-made arrows bright and keen hangs from his belt. His array tells us that he has come not from the wars but from the greenwood; horn and baldrick proclaim him a forester.

As we love a brave man, let our glance rest a little longer on the Knight. Wherever the banner of England has flown above an English host, wherever Christian and Saracen have striven in battle in these times, the Knight has been found fighting for his country and his faith. He has followed the wars over Europe and even to Asia and Africa. He has come safe through fifteen deadly battles and three times slain a champion in single combat. With all this he is as gentle in his manner as a maiden and courteous to rich and poor alike. We do you reverence, Sir Knight, before we say farewell to all this merry Company. We would fain stay with you, good people, a little longer and listen to your tales. Meanwhile our hearts follow you on the road. Some day we shall turn again to the Canterbury Pilgrims and

breathe in the freshness of their life as we do the clean air in spring time.

There are times, when history tires us and we weary for the moment of following the stately figures, of great men—Kings, nobles, prelates, leaders and reformers—as they appear and disappear, in the passing years, amid the clash of battles and rebellions and the noise of parliaments. Then we may turn again to this other kind of history and learn to know the people from whom these great men sprung, the people who shed their blood in these battles and rebellions and sent these men to Parliament to speak of Freedom. They are the real makers of history ; yet in its pages they are dumb. Let us open then the book of Chaucer : he and the pilgrims, who have rested in their graves for more than half a thousand years, come to life again ; we take the road to Canterbury along with them, we hear their voices, we see their life, and we learn to understand them. So truly and sympathetically has Chaucer described the people of his time that, while we read, we seem ourselves to live in Medieval England.—J. R. C.

INDIAN STUDENTS IN JAPAN.

IN spite of our vaunted education, the Chinese appear to have far outstripped us in the march of nations, for while there are only about twenty-eight Indian students in Japan, the Chinese students in the "Land of the Rising Sun" engaged in studying the technical and fine arts number about four thousand, including girls. The two hundred and fifty Indian students in Europe are not expected to do much for our national advancement, for very few of them are engaged in studying the sciences and technical arts. For the development of Indian industries it is of the utmost importance that we should send a much greater number of industrial students to foreign countries every year.

It costs an Indian student Rs. 60 to Rs. 75 per mensem, including boarding, lodging, books, fees, &c, to study in Japan. All the courses are for one year. The best time to start is Janu-

ary or February. The passage from Bombay is Rs. 500, 300, and 100 for first, second and third class passengers respectively. The average boarding house bill of fare comprises boiled rice, burnt fish, boiled eggs and coffee for breakfast, dinner and supper. The Japanese take rice at all their meals, an able-bodied Jap consuming on an average rice weighing a seer-and-a-half before boiling. Thus the diet contains nothing very repugnant to orthodox Hindus. Indian students in Japan are admitted to privileges which are denied even to the Chinese, and are kindly received wherever they go. "When we call on a Japanese gentleman," writes one of the students to the *Indu Prakash*, "the ladies of the family greet us and take us into the inner apartments and offer us refreshments. The Japanese woman resembles the Indian woman closely. In affection, kindness, sympathy and tenderness of heart, she is just like the Hindu woman. The Japanese woman enjoys complete freedom. We Indians are shunned and spurned in other foreign countries, but in Japan the contrary is the case. Why should Indian students be so few in the land where they receive greater respect and consideration than anywhere else?" They would be more numerous in Japan if they could be made to understand that the knowledge and practice of the technical arts is in general more advantageous than service or the practice of law.

One circumstance tending to deter Indian students from going to Japan is want of knowledge of the Japanese language, and fortunately classes for imparting instruction in Japanese have now been opened in Calcutta and Lahore. It is said that an Indian student can master the colloquial language of Japan, the words of which are extremely easy to pronounce, within six months. The modern language of Japan is a distinct tongue, bearing no resemblance to those spoken in Korea or China, and philologists have not yet been able to assign it a place among the classified linguistic families of the world. Most of the current words are, like the Sanskrit, formed by means of suffixes added to the primitive root. It bears some resemblance to the

Bengalee in the construction of sentences, the object preceding the verb, and the predicative adjective rounding the entire sentence. The written language of Japan, however, contains a very large number of words formed from the Chinese to express the ideas and designate the objects, appliances, and institutions which Japan has lately borrowed from Europe, and is therefore more difficult to master than the colloquial tongue.

We learn that a society styled the "Oriental Students' Union" has been formed in Tokio, and it has been joined by student's from India, Siam, the Philippines, Korea and China. Its first meeting was attended by so many as sixty students, who have all enrolled themselves as members of the "Union." The objects of the society are to bring about a spirit of friendly union among all the oriental students in Tokio and to make them co-operate with one another in matters affecting their mutual well-being. The "Union" has the sympathy and support of many influential Japanese noblemen and gentlemen, some of whom were present at the inaugural meeting. The life and soul of the society is a Japanese lady, at whose suggestion and initiation it has been formed. She is working hard for it and trying her best to secure for it increased and extensive support. She has a special affection for students from India, and has a great desire to come to India to see the country and know its people. All this affords further inducement to Indian students to go to Japan and see for themselves how an Asiatic nation can triumph in the arts of peace no less than in the arts of war.

The same correspondent to the *Indu Prakash* also suggests that Indian girls should go over to Japan to learn such of the simple arts as are taught thereof—"mastery in which would enable them to make a living or earn a good income." Those proceeding to Japan with this object need not take with them more than six months' expenses, as in that time they could acquire a colloquial knowledge of the Japanese language, after which they could get work as teachers of English to Japanese girls,—such

teachers being in great request and sufficently well paid to cover the cost of living during the period the girl is attending an Arts School. Japan is, in fact, a very suitable place for Indians to go to.—*Indian Economist.*

JAMBU'S BURGLAR.

(*Concluded from page* 68.)

"What is up? Where can the ladder have gone?" whispered Katchu; but for answer Jumbu only touched him on the arm, and drew him round towards the other side of the house. There, as they stepped noiselessly over the grass, like cats prowling for garden rats, they became aware that their pretended intention of a burglary had been actually forestalled, for two men were busy planting the ladder against the house, close to one of the very windows by which they had intended to get in.

They knew this more by the sound, than by actually seeing it; and Jumbu signed to his companion to crouch down so that they might find out what was going to happen, without being detected themselves. As soon as the ladder was planted the two robbers held a whispered consultation. They did not mean to use a light, for fear of being seen from the road which was near, but they intended to go straight into the house, and make for the room where Chellama had placed her box containing the family jewels, and her cash. They seemed to know its whereabouts.

The reality of the scene was too much for our pretended burglars, and Katchu almost burst into a fit of loud laughter. They had, however, been accustomed in their classes at school to choke down their mirth as they did now, and their presence was not betrayed to the dacoits. They had learned that the robbers, when they had secured their booty meant to come down by the same window by which they were going to enter. After a few minutes of anxious suspense the boys heard the robbers stealthily

ascend the ladder and the muffled sound of the opening window told them that the robbers were safely inside. The game was fairly afoot now.

Then the two boys rose from the grass upon which they had been crouching. "Come along, Katchu," said Jumbu in a low whisper, "and do look sharp; we must fetch those cricket nets which we left yesterday against the wall of the out-house there."

Katchu could only dimly guess what his friend meant to do, but he had great confidence in him, and trusted his "chief," and in a few minutes the boys had got the cricket-net set up about five feet from the foot of the ladder. By means of two of the pegs used for fastening the net ropes in the ground they fixed a cord across, close to the bottom of the ladder, in such a way that if any one tripped up in the cord, he would infallibly tumble over and pull the net down about his ears at the same time. But Jumbu's strategy did not end here. He hurried his chum off once more and returned with two or three bamboo pieces which they had the day before filled with gunpowder to be used for a kind of country-made rocket. He had a match-box ready; for the lucifers had been there for trying their powder the day before. Thus ready for emergencies, Jumbu took up his position near the net, with the mouth of the bamboo rocket ready in his hand turned towards the window just a few feet below the steps. Then the two waited for developments. Presently they heard a sound at the window from which they judged that one man was on the ladder, and the other handing out the spoil to him. Fortunately for the success of the little scheme, the first man stood still upon the upper rungs of the ladder, waiting for his principal to come down, being apparently afraid of missing him in the darkness.

As soon as the second man had reached the first few rungs down the ladder and both were well on it, Jumbu lighted the mouth of his bamboo-rocket and opened fire on the two men. The alarmed men caught their feet in the rope, and shot head-

foremost into the net, which promptly collapsed, and enveloped them in such a way as to render them for the time being almost helpless. The two big dogs, which Jumbu had kept near, barked loudly, Katchu yelled, the rockets roared and rained burning sparks on the unfortunate men, Jambu set up a loud cry of triumph when the robbers were "netted." The two robbers struggled hard; but were entangled in the meshes of the net which was strong and tough. The barkings, shouts, yells and the roar and light of the rockets brought on the scene several villagers from the road near the house. These villagers were returning from the country-drama early enough to catch a few hours of sleep. This was fortunate.

Among others, Cousin Rangu, arrayed in a dhoti and a woollen blanket, and with a good walking stick for his weapon, made his appearance. An extraordinary scene met his astonished gaze; the two boys were jumping up and down, in a sort of wild war-dance, singing and clapping their hands On the ground burnt and scorched, lay the two robbers whose ardour had been doubly burnt both in and out by the unexpected reception outside the window on the ladder. They lay hopelessly kicking entangled in the net, like fish just put into the basket of the angler. Scattered on the grass lay Aunt Chellamma's jewels, and cash which had shot from the grasp of the men as they took their sudden header into the net. There was a dim moonlight; but lanterns were soon fetched to light the darkness of the scene.

"Come on, Cousin Rangu, catch the thieves, bind them," said Jumbu to his astonished cousin. Assisted by the villagers, Rangu soon had the robbers properly handcuffed and marched them off to the lock-up at the nearest Police Station. The boys had already collected the jewels and the coins. Chellamma and her young daughters had, in the meanwhile, come out, and were in various stages of alarm and hysterics. They were assured that the robbers had been caught; and that no particular harm had been done by their daring midnight raid. All's well that ends well.

Cousin Rangu was more polite than ever, and grew more affable than he had been for weeks before ; he warmly shook hands with the boys, in true "college form," and even patted them on their backs in rustic fashion. The next day the whole village had but one topic : every one congratulated the boys on the ready ingenuity of their plans, and on the courage with which they had carried them out.

"But, Jumbu and Katchu," inquired their Aunt with a sudden flash of recollection, "by the bye, how was it that you managed to get down into the garden at all ?—Because, you had both been locked into your rooms last night, for your tamasha with my poor, innocent white Dhena."

Then they told the story of the sheets! "Brave boys! Brave boys! And so you bravely risked your lives to save my jewels." Jambu felt a little humiliated, for such was not altogether the case. Aunt Chellamma was a grateful old lady, and never stinted where Jumbu was in question; she presented each of the boys with a handsome watch in recognition of their courageous behaviour that night. Subsequently they told their Aunt that it was owing to the great airs assumed by Rangu and that they had wanted merely to play a trick on him to try his mettle. Their Aunt merely reproached them for their ways ; but Rangu laughed and laughed himself hoarse.

"Gallant boys, Jumbu and Katchu", said Rangu, (it was the first time that the proud collegian had called them by their proper names), "gallant boys you certainly are. I think I shall wind up my feud with you." And so Rangu buried the hatchet. The peace was signed, sealed and acted up to. They had a small feast in honour of the juvenile armistice. But practical Katchu remarked—"the cessation of hostilities was entirely due to Jumbu's Burglar." They had peace in the house for the rest of the long vacation ; and even the story ran that Jumbu and Katchu read their lessons and sat at Rangu's feet with great benefit to themselves.—*P. S.*

A WATCH SCHOOL.

The famous Swiss watch schools are said to be the most exacting industrial institutions in the world.

In one of the most celebrated of these institutions in Geneva, for example, a boy must first of all be at least fourteen years of age in order to enter. After being admitted, the student is introduced to a wood turning lathe and put to work at turning tool handles. This lasts for several weeks, according to the beginner's aptitude, and is followed by exercises in filling and shaping screw drivers and small tools. In this way he learns to make for himself a fairly complete set of tools.

He next learns to make a large wooden pattern of a watch frame, perhaps a foot in diameter, and after learning how this frame is to be shaped, he is given a ready-cut one of brass of the ordinary size, in which he is taught to drill holes for the wheels and screws. Throughout this instruction the master stands over the pupil directing him with the greatest care.

The pupil is next taught to finish the frame so that it will be ready to receive the wheels. He is then instructed to make fine tools and to become expert in handling them.

This completes the instruction in the first room, and the young watchmaker next passes to the department where he is taught to fit the stem-winding parts and to do fine cutting and filing by hand.

Later on he learns to make the more complex watches which will strike the hour, minute etc., and the other delicate mechanisms on which the Swiss are famous.—*Selected.*

REMARKS BY THE COMPOSITION EDITOR.

I much regret to have again to notice a great want of originality in the essays. Numbers of them are disqualified this month, as whole pages are mere copies, or have been memorised and then written down. Will the Competitors remember that one page of original matter, that is of the thoughts and ideas of the writer himself, is worth more than 100 pages of plagiarised matter? I wish to encourage my readers to improve their English, and I am therefore anxious that the Essay Club should continue. But if we cannot induce our competitors to keep strictly to the rule of "No copying," we shall be compelled to change and give only "paraphrasing" or "questions" for answers. When a subject is set, matter may be sought for and utilised from books, but all quotations should be placed in inverted commas, and the author's name of any long extract given.

As to correcting and printing the prize essay each month: it cannot be managed. It would not be a wise proceeding, and there is no room in the magazine. We shall, however, in future name the writers of the best compositions, and when there is anything *superlatively* good, the editor will be asked to print it:

It will greatly facilitate my work of reading and judging the essays if the competitors will remember to use foolscap paper, and to write only on one side of the paper. One essay on newspapers: Reg. number 67 is quite illegible. It is written on very thin foreign notepaper, and on both sides of the sheet. There are a great many erasures and the result is that the ink has run one word into the other, and it is unreadable. Letters for the editor must not be written on the essay papers, as in that case they cannot be forwarded to him at once. It would be better to send all communications regarding the Magazine direct to C. M. Barrow, Esq., Bishop Corrie's Grammar School, Madras, and the Essays to the Composition Editor, c/o The Editor.

The Prize this month is won by Madhu Raghavendra Kembhavi, Bijapur (Register No. 401).

The book is named "The life of Queen Victoria 1819—1901": by A. Barnett Smith.

The two following essayists, whose work is obviously *original* are 'commended':—Raghunath Krishna Rao Chitnis, of Savantvadi and Datar Vasudeo Narayan of Sangli.

The subject for the May competition is "A Journey and what I saw on it."